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FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Nov. 13.

The papers relating to the resignation of Sir J. B. Fuller will be published to-night. It is stated at the India Office that they will be published simultaneously in India.

Lord Elgin is communicating with Sir E. Grey and the local authorities with a view to the early abolition of the legal status of slavery on the Zanzibar coast.

Mr. Santos Dumont has won two prizes in Paris for the first aeroplane flying a hundred metres. He covered 220 metres in 21½ seconds at a height of fifteen feet, both before and against the wind.

Calcutta, Nov. 13.

London.—The American Government has instituted proceedings against the Standard Oil Company. They are endeavouring to obtain an order for its dissolution and the restoration to each of the eighty constituent companies of a proportionate share of the stock.—*Empire Special.*

The death is announced of General Shafter, of Cuban fame. The death of Lord Congleton is announced.

London, Nov. 14.

Mr. Birrell speaking at Bristol said that the Education Bill, as altered by the Lords, is a sheer impossibility, and he hoped on the Report stage the Lords would recognise that they had gone too far. If they did not, a Liberal administration was an imposture and a sham unless the constitution was changed.

A Chapter of the Garter was held at Windsor to-day in great state, and King Haakon was invested.

The Corporation entertained King Haakon at luncheon at Guildhall to-day. Their Majesties were accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. A most distinguished company was present, including Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Ministers and peers, and the Royal party received a great ovation.

Mr. Secretary Metcalfe, being interviewed, said he was of opinion that the treaty with Japan guaranteed Japanese children the right of education on an equal footing with the most favoured nations. The Federal Courts would, therefore, declare the State law unconstitutional.

Owing to the disturbances at Kerkela the Persian Ambassador has proposed to the Porte the appointment of a Turco-Persian Commission of Enquiry.

London, Nov. 16.

Mr. Lehman in the Commons and the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Lords elicited statements from Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Elgin admitting the prevalence of unnatural practices sufficient to seal the fate of Chinese labour in the Rand, and declaring that the Government would repatriate coolies convicted of offences. "But it would be left to a South African Parliament to utterly eradicate an artificial and obnoxious system of labour."

Mr. Lehmann moved the adjournment of the House, and urged more rapid and more systematic repatriation. The motion was talked out.

Mr. Lyttelton and Lord Lansdowne promised the hearty co-operation of the Opposition in dealing with these evils.

Mr. Havelock Wilson moved an amendment to the Merchant Shipping Bill applying new air space regulations to lascar crews.

Mr. Keady said the Government preferred to leave the Indian Government to legislate for themselves.

Mr. Lloyd George said that the amendment aimed at the exclusion of lascars, which would mean making a handsome present to German shipping.

The amendment was rejected by 248 votes to 105.

Terrorist outrages and drum-head courts martial and executions continue in Russia daily.

London, Nov. 17.

Reuter wires from Capetown that Ferreira and all his followers have been captured.

Ferreira's chief lieutenant was also captured.

Ferreira's capture was effected by Sub-Inspector Adams, his force consisting of fifteen mounted rifles, a few residents of Upington and some native scouts.

The prosecution of the Standard Oil Company is generally approved as betokening President Roosevelt's resolve to proceed strenuously against all Trusts.

London, Nov. 18.

The Standard Oil directors have issued a circular to their stockholders stating that the company's position is legally and morally unassailable, and they are confident it will be vindicated in the pending prosecution.

A Japanese squadron will visit San Francisco in the spring, and the Port authorities have been instructed to prepare for its reception.

The visit will assume much international importance.

London, Nov. 19.

A special article in the *Times* pleads in favour of giving assistance to and befriending Indian students visiting England to complete their education, particularly those staying in London. The English societies now undertaking the work are hampered for lack of funds and fewness of members.

The writer says there must surely be in London many English men and women who would be glad to co-operate in a work aiming at and giving Indian visitors a better understanding of English life and character, and sending them back to India with more friendly feelings towards England.

The condition of Morocco is going from bad to worse. Europeans are looking forward to Franco-Spanish intervention and it is understood that both countries are making preparations to avoid being taken unawares when the moment for action arrives.

A sharp shock of earthquake along the whole coast of Western Australia took place this afternoon.

London, Nov. 20.

Replying to a most representative deputation regarding the Congo, Sir E. Grey said that the Belgian Government had the prior right to intervene, and if they did would certainly make a complete change of regime otherwise Great Britain would sound the Powers with a view to a conference, but would only take isolated action as the last resource.

The South Africans have beaten North Scotland by 35 to 3.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has promised to give a million dollars to the movement for the furtherance of international peace.—*Empire Special.*

Reports are being circulated of the growing possibility that Lord Curzon will accept the post of British Ambassador at Washington recently vacated by Sir Mortimer Durand.—*Empire Special.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AT NAPLES

BY ALFRED AUSTIN

POET-LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

'Tis night, and floateth from afar
The sound of careless, wandering feet,
And, coaxed from mandolin and guitar,
Music voluptuously sweet.

Whereto the languid wavelets keep
Time round the deeply curving bay,
From where the magic Mantuan sleeps,
To native nest of Tasso's lay.

But what is it haunts the midnight air?
Is it the unseen wailing ghosts
Of God and Goddess fled elsewhere,
Who one time ruled these radiant coasts?

Yes! vain, Pandeupipe, and late!
Only in corridors and halls,
Divinities, in marble mote,
Stare from their chaste cold pedestals.

"Have they then gone, to come no more?"
The sighing sea-waves seems to say,
And, wandering lone from shore to shore,
Yearn for a Something passed away.

The following articles appeared in the October
number of the Monthly Reporter.

ROMAN URDU.

DEAR SIR EDITOR,

Sa'di, the famous Persian Moralist, says in one of his characteristic couplets.

"Every one is an adviser of others

An adviser of himself I have seldom come across."

Does not this so perfectly fit the case of those kind advisers, who on the ground of reason and strong arguments are so urgent in their efforts to convince us of the supreme necessity of our adopting the Roman character in preference to those of Persian or Hindi. It would be so nice, so easy, so economical, if we could only listen to reason and consider our own benefit. But alas for frail human nature! It more often follows sentiment than reason.

But are our advisers themselves free from such weakness? Are they always open to reason? Are they honest in their advocacy of reason? I think not. I am afraid they are not prepared to make a thousandth part of the sacrifice which they boldly advise us to make. A recent incident will illustrate my point.

Most people have heard of the recent stir in the new and the old continents caused by the action of the President of the United States of America removing certain entirely superfluous vowels from certain wellknown words. It seemed to touch the public in their most tender and sensitive parts, and they resented it indignantly, although in addition to several other advantages, a business house declared that by the omission of these vowels, they have been able to save some pounds every year.

What a difference! How the sacrifice of a few vowels, which by the way are of comparatively recent origin in those words, touches the English speaking public. While we are asked very calmly to sacrifice the whole of our alphabet which has stood as in good stead for centuries, nay, which was in use when the forefathers of many of the European nations were quite illiterate, if not naked savages.

May I venture on a suggestion. Charity must begin at Home. And so our friends should start their reforms there. We are all aware that the English orthography is the greatest sinner in the use of its vowels and about half its consonants. When some of these friends point out to us the absence of vowels in Urdu, does it ever occur to them that the vowels in English language are more troublesome by their presence, than in the Persian Urdu by their absence? Besides the latter character has one advantage over the former viz. that when once the vowels points are written out, there can be no doubt about their pronunciation, while the pronunciation of every vowel in almost every word in English must be learnt singly. Would they take my humble advice and apply the new system of Phonetics to the English words, instead of writing in the lexicons the peculiar and meaningless spelling of the words first, and their pronunciation afterwards, cut out the former in favour of the latter. When they have done this, we shall be quite ready to listen to their arguments, and I feel sure these will come to us with a great deal of force.

But will they do it?

A PANJABI.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Your publication of Oct. 26th P. 2 col'm 2 *Negro Problem*. If you carefully read your Bible you will find that God did give some men the right to own other men viz. Abraham and a list of others.

You surely mean since the Advent.

Yours most obediently,
F. Stewart,

PUNJAB.

"From earth goes up to Heaven
An exceeding bitter cry;
But God sends down no angels
To wipe the mourner's eye,
Why should God send them, Brothers,
When we those tears can dry?"

This earth is full of evil,
Of awful crime and shame;
The heavens send no angels
Sin's victims to reclaim,
For we can save them, Brothers,
In Jesus' Sacred name.

My Brothers, time is flying,
And night is coming on;
Oh, hush earth's weary weeping,
And turn the cry to song,
E'er chance, for us, is over,
To right earth's bitter wrong."

Selected.

"In the name of God advancing,
Sow the seed at morning light;
Cheerily the furrows turning,
Labour on with all they might.

Look not to the far-off future,
Do the work which nearest lies;
Sow thou must before thou reapst,
Rest at last is labour's prize.

Standing still is dangerous ever,
Toil is meant for Christians now;
Let there be, when evening cometh;
Honest sweat upon they brow;

And the master shall come smiling,
When work stops at set of sun,
Saying as He pays thy wages,
Good and faithful man, well done."

Selected.

IS THE YOUNG MAN ABSALOM SAFE?

BY REV. SAMUEL SAWYER.

Safe? How could he be safe in the government of God who has said, "He that being often reproveth and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy?"

For three months before his defeat and discomfiture at the battle of Mahanaim, Absalom had headed an insurrection against King David, his father, and at the time David asks the question, was already slain by the hand of Joab, whose barley field he had set on fire, and David mourns his death in the pathetic lamentation, "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son." When his other son died he submissively said, "I can go to him, but he can not come back to me"; but now he is overcome with grief.

He felt that the soul of Absalom had gone to God unprepared. He may have reflected on himself because he had been too indulgent to him, and had neglected to restrain him in his willful and iniquitous course. The words of God through the prophet Nathan pierced his heart like a sword.

David was a man after God's heart in this, that his spirituality always kept him from the folly idolatry. He sinned, repented in contrition, was forgiven and therein found favor with God, and received this eulogy, that save in the matter of Uriah his deportment before God was sincere, upright and noble.

Children little understand the deep affection of their parents for them. Absalom was a murderer, guilty of incest, and a wicked conspirator, and yet, how the father's heart yearned toward him! If we go to our courtrooms where certain trials are in progress, so to our penitentiaries and reformatories, or to the Governor's council chamber as mothers and fathers present their petitions for the pardon of their wayward sons, we may witness proofs enough of the same undying affection for children, even after they have been undutiful and criminal.

How often the hopes of parents are disappointed in respect to the children committed to their care. As Adam and Eve with regard to Cain; and Aaron and Eli and Samuel with reference to their sons; and David in respect to Absalom. So in every age since, many a child by giving way to selfishness and wickedness has brought sadness and sorrow to the hearts of those who most loved and cherished them. The mournful result may be attributed to too great indulgence or neglect on the part of the parents, or to idleness on the part of the children, or to the want of good example, or to evil companions, or to the snares and pitfalls the perils of which they failed to comprehend, until the chains of evil habits were riveted upon them.

The young as well as the old should know, and always remember, that sin leads to ruin. The way of the transgressor is hard. No one is safe who travels it. God has given us abundant warning: "The wages of sin is death."

Our natures are prone to evil, as the sparks to fly upward, and they must be restrained by the principles of God's Word. Besides, we are in a world of evil, and must ever guard ourselves against all compounding or condoning of wrong, and by the light of the Bible, with prayer and obedience, grow up and go on in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Parental responsibility should be felt to set proper aims before youthful mind, that it may act well its part in the great drama of life. Filial obligation should be felt by the child in loving and honoring the father and the mother, and thus to be fitted for all the duties of citizenship in State and Church.

How often punishment comes to men in the line of their sin! The sudden ending of the career of Absalom is but one of countless illustrations of this truth. Well might the Hebrew prophet say to Israel, and to every soul, "Surely your iniquities will find you out."

The only safety for young or old is to be sheltered under the wings of the Almighty.

Are you children safe? Who are the young men along the streets of our cities or in the dens of iniquity, late at night in spite of the ringing of the curfew bell? Is your son among them? When David asked, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Absalom was already dead. He asked too late. Other parents have asked the like question too late about their boys. How much better to ask while we are able help them!

Alas! it is to be feared, it is already too late to help some, whose evil habits are already formed; who have heedlessly passed the danger line; who have learned to mouth huge oaths, and yielded to tippling and gambling and Sabbath breaking, and have fallen into the snares of the strange woman whose steps take hold on death and hell. As they go down to the bottomless pit unrepentant and unforgiven, it will bring no comfort to any parent's heart to cry out in anguish, "Would God I had died for thee, my son, my son."

Two thoughts may help every considerate young man who wishes to avoid moral shipwreck and to turn a career of usefulness and honor:

1. That every deviation from right is followed by penalty.
2. The thought, Thou God seest me, kept uppermost in the soul, will have a benign influence upon his character and destiny, and keep him safe for time and eternity.

CONTENTMENT.

BY S. E. KISER.

Most every day a little boy comes drivin' past
our house
With the nicest little pony—jist the color of a
mouse—
And a groom rides close behind, so he won't
get hurt, you see,
And I used to wish the pony and the cart be-
longed to me.
I used to watch him from our porch and wish
that I could own
His pony and his little cart, and drive out all
alone.
And once when I knelt down at night I prayed
the Lord that he
Would fix it so the pony and the cart belonged
to me.
But yesterday I saw him where he lives, and
now I know
Why he never goes out walkin'—'cause his
legs are withered so!
And last night when I was kneelin' with my
head on mother's knee,
I was glad he had the pony and the cart in-
stead of me.
—Record-Herald.

CHRIST'S FRIENDS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

A little group of men—who had been obscure nobodies three years before—were gathered in an upper room at Jerusalem. The divine Jesus, looking around on the company, says to them, "Ye are my friends." They had not chosen him; he had chosen them. The electric cord of divine love had made the little group one. Presently the charmed circle widens; a brilliant and bitter enemy of Christ is stricken by the heavenly electricity and transformed into a most enthusiastic friend. A wretched runaway slave in the slums of Rome is lifted into discipleship. By-and-by great thinkers, scholars, philosophers and orators, Jeromes and Augustines and Chrysostoms and Bernards are drawn in. The circle keeps widening as the ages roll on. Poor cottagers in their cabins, poor widows and orphans in their garrets, sailors in the fore-castle, sufferers in hospitals are admitted to the wonderful household of love. And as the converting grace transforms them, and the great arm embraces them, we hear him keep on saying, "I have called you friends!" It is the greatest marvel in history; for out of that obscure handful in that upper room has sprung the mighty kingdom of Immanuel, which shall yet fill heaven with countless myriads of glorified spirits. "Ye are my friends" describes them all.

1. It is a confidential friendship. Jesus tells his chosen ones, "I call you not bond servants, for the servant knoweth not what his master doeth." A master sets his slaves to work without any explanation. But Jesus had opened God's thoughts to his disciples, and initiated them into the great mysteries of redemption. He had also chosen the twelve "that they might be with him." For the same reason Christ takes us into his companionship, offers us his escort, promises us his presence, helps us on the journey, and intercedes for blessings that we need. There are limitations; for love has its reticence as well as its revelations. Our hearts ache often to pry into certain mysteries, but our Lord keeps the veil drawn, and says, "What I do ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter." It will be one of the joys of heaven to study the finished tapestries of providence, which in this world look often so rough and ravelled.

2. A conferring of infinite honour is this friendship. I, the Son of God, call you poor, ignorant sinners who were my enemies, to be "my friends." The group to which he originally uttered these words had been obscure day labourers, who were not known a score of miles from their homes, and would have been forgotten in a score of years after their death. He does for them what the sun does for the planets; he floods them with his omnipotent light and love, until they become stars of the first magnitude for the guidance of all generations. Brethren, do you and I even begin to appreciate what it is for the Lord Jesus to

say to such creatures as we are, "Thou art my friend; I have chosen thee; I have died to redeem thee from hell; I have pardoned thee, and graven thy name on my hand, and have prepared a home for thee, that where thou art I shall be also"? The Prince of Glory fits up a palace for paupers, and transforms them into his confidential friends and joint heirs to his own inheritance!

8. This is a corrective and chastening friendship in this world. He is the best friend who points out our faults. Jesus says to us, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." No part of our earthly schooling costs so dearly or yields such precious fruits. How often we need the file, the chisel and the hammer to shape us into something like the ideal which Christ has before his own eye! Christ was continually chiding, rebuking, educating and pruning those poor fishermen and publicans, until he made them fit to go out and be his witnesses and ambassadors before the world. Jesus never loves us more than when he is pruning us of the dead branches to let the rich clusters ripen.

4. But this wonderful friendship is all conditional. It depends on a great "if". Ye are my friends *if* ye do whatsoever I command you. Obedience to Christ is the only evidence of a genuine affection to him. Jesus himself acknowledged no other test than entire submission to his will, and cheerful obedience to his commandments. In fact, this is the Bible ideal of holiness; it is just the doing of Christ's will and the letting Christ have his own way with us. To all such true friends, in storm and shine, the Master is constantly saying, "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; my Father will love you, and we will come unto you and make our abode with you."

5. Our blessed Lord was often sorely wounded in the house of his friends. What a cruel stab one of them gave him in the courtyard of Pilate! What a cowardly desertion when that very group from the upper chamber all forsook him and fled. We wound our Master whenever we break his commandments, and when we bring reproach upon the name of Christian before the world. The closer we get to Christ in our profession, the more cruel is the stab we give him when we sin. Many a man kisses his Master in the prayer-meeting and kisses him at the communion table, and then, by shameful conduct or cowardly neglect of duty, betrays him to his enemies! It is a glorious honor and privilege to be a friend of Jesus Christ, but it involves a prodigious responsibility. Happy is that disciple to whom his Lord can say, I call thee my friend. I was wounded for thee, but thou hast not wounded me."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE QUIET WAY.

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying,
And breaking up their rest,
When everything is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best?

The rain that trickles down in showers
 A blessing brings to thirsty flowers,
 And gentle zephyrs gather up
 Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup.
 There's ruin in the tempest's path,
 There's ruin in the voice of wrath,
 And they alone are blest
 Who early learn to dominate
 Themselves, their violence abate,
 And prove by their serene estate
 That quiet ways are best.

—Sel

CELIA'S MIND.

She had a very good mind, clever and a perfect right to enjoy it. The trouble was—but perhaps one of Celia's typical days will explain the case.

Celia was going down town to do a few errands. Upon the car she met Gertrude Reynolds, who was taking a water-color to be framed.

"How are you going to frame it?" Celia asked, instantly interested.

"I thought I'd have a gold mat," Gertrude replied.

"Oh, you're making a great mistake," Celia declared, positively. "It should have a black mat to relieve the snow, and then a gold frame if you want. Mr. Wheeler, the artist, had one framed so, and you've no idea how much finer the effect was. Try it and see."

"Well, perhaps," Gertrude answered, doubtfully, as she left the car.

A little later Celia came across Amy Dutton, who was searching for red silk for a waist.

"Oh, why do you get red?" Celia exclaimed. "With your eyes and complexion, you never ought to touch it. Blue is your color."

"But, I'm so tired of blue," Amy protested.

"Well, of course it's your waist," Celia replied, "but I think you'll regret it if you get the red."

Three minutes later she was arguing with another friend over a book to be chosen for a gift. The friend had decided upon a charming novel which had just come out, while Celia earnestly recommended a volume of poems.

"But Maud doesn't care for poetry," the friend explained.

"I know, and how much she is losing because of her fancy that she doesn't care for it," Celia said. "Don't you see, this is your opportunity to make her a real gift—one that will open a new window in her life? A novel will be read and thrown aside, but the love of poetry will be a joy to her as long as she lives. You'd better take my advice. I'm sure I'm right."

Yes, Celia had a good mind. "If only," one of her friends said, hesitatingly, one day, for they all liked Celia, "if only she wouldn't insist upon lending it to other people when they don't want it."

—Youth's Companion.

THE GROWTH OF SCIENCE.

The seventy-fifth annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science opened in work, England, on Aug. 1. The presidential address of the retiring president is always one of the events of the meeting, as it gives an outlook upon the field of science by one of the highest authorities in the world. The address this year was delivered by Professor Ray Lankester, a distinguished biologist, and was a review of recent scientific progress. The last quarter of a century, he said, would stand out forever in human history as the period in which new chemical elements of astounding properties were revealed with extraordinary rapidity. The discovery of radio-activity and radium so far exceeded all others in importance that it might be accounted supreme. It was a privilege to have lived when the discovery was made. He dwelt particularly upon the apparent facts that a small quantity of radium diffused through the earth will maintain its temperature against all loss by radiation, while if the sun consists of a fraction of 1 per cent. of radium this would make good the heat lost by the sun. These, he said, were tremendous facts and upset the calculations of physicists concerning the duration in the past and in the future of the sun's heat and the estimates of the geological time based on the assumption the material earth is self-cooling. Within five years it had become evident that the earth is not self-cooling. On the contrary it was shown to be self-heating, and away went the restrictions imposed by geologists and physicists who are now willing to give, not merely a thousand million years, but as many more as are wanted. Referring to psychology, Dr. Lankester said the most important general advance seemed to be the realization that the mind of the human adult is a social product, and he paid a tribute to the important work on this subject by Prof. Baldwin of Johns Hopkins University. A review of twenty-five years led him to the conviction that Darwin's conclusions as to the origin of species were more firmly established than ever, despite the attempt to controvert them.

Many animals are so adapted that they can closely imitate leaves or shrubs to evade their enemies. There are also certain plants which are able to resemble stone for the same end. There are several varieties in South Africa that so closely resemble the stones among which they grow that attempts are frequently made to pick them up under the impression that they are rocks. Many of these plants flower in season, bearing bright-coloured blooms; but once this period is over they resume their imitation of rocks. At a distance a patch of ground strewn with these plants might easily be mistaken for a barren space.

IF CHRIST WERE HERE TO-NIGHT.

If Christ were here to-night and saw me tired
And half afraid another step to take,
I think He'd know the thing my heart desired,
And ease my heart of all its throbbing ache.

If Christ were here in this dull room of mine,
That gathers up so many shadows dim,
I am quite sure its narrow space would shine
And kindle into glory around Him.

If Christ were here I might not pray so long;
My prayer would have such little way to go;
'T would break into a burst of happy song,
So would my joy and gladness overflow.

If Christ were here to-night, I'd touch the hem
Of His fair, seamless robe and stand complete
In wholeness and in whiteness: I, who stem
Such waves of pain, to kneel at His dear feet.

If Christ were here to-night, I'd tell Him all
The load I carry for the ones I love—
The blinded ones, who grope and faint and fall,
Following false guides, nor seeking Christ above.

If Christ were here. Ah, faithless soul and weak,
Is not the Master ever close to thee?
Deaf is thine ear that canst not hear Him speak;
Dim is thine eye His face that cannot see.

Thy Christ is here and never far away.
He entered with thee when thou camest in;
His strength was thine through all the busy day;
He knew thy need, He kept thee pure from sin.

The blessed Christ is in thy little room,
Nay, more, the Christ Himself is in thy heart;
Fear not, the dawn will scatter darkest gloom,
And then from Him thou'lt nevermore depart.
—Selected.

—Old boots and shoes of leather are cut up into small pieces, and then are put for two days into chloride of sulphur, the effect of which is to make the leather very hard and brittle. When this is fully effected, the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water, dried and ground to powder. It is then mixed with some substance that will cause it to adhere together, such as shellac or other resinous material, or even good glue, and a thick solution of strong gum. It is afterwards pressed into moulds to form combs, buttons, and a variety of other useful objects. Prussiate of potash is also made out of old leather. It is heated with pearlash and old iron hoops in a large pot. The nitrogen and carbon form cyanogen, and then unite with the iron and potassium. The soluble portions are dissolved out, and the resulting salt, added to one of iron, produces the well-known prussian blue, either for dyeing purposes or as a pigment.

SACRIFICE.

The world's greatest achievements have been secured at the purchase price of great sacrifices. Columbus may not swing ajar the gateways to a glorious republic unless he is willing to place his very life on a possible altar. Moses may become the world's greatest lawgiver and leader, but not unless he is willing to lay on the altar of sacrifice the possibility of occupancy of an Egyptian throne. The beggar makes no sacrifice who exchanges his filthy rags for the king's robes. God takes care that all sacrifices made for him become mediums of eternal enrichment to the soul.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

A Boston clergyman whose work takes him among the poor of that town tells a pretty story of sisterly love existing among the humble and unfortunate. One day a pale and ragged girl of about ten years was seen going along the street carrying on her back her crippled brother, nearly as old as she. A stranger stopped her by saying that she was overexerting herself. "He is too heavy for you to carry, he said. The child of the ghetto looked up at him reproachfully, saying. "He ain't heavy. He is my brother."

THREE BLESSINGS.

John Ruskin, in counting up the blessings of his childhood, reckoned these three for first good: Peace—he had been taught the meaning of peace in thought, act and word; had never heard father's or mother's voice once raised in any dispute, nor seen an angry glance in the eyes of the either, nor had ever seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter. Next to this he estimated obedience—he obeyed a word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without an idea of resistance. And, lastly, faith—nothing was ever promised him that was not given; nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told him that was not true.—Hurlburt.

C. L. S.

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